BY THE WRITERS OF "ROBT. E. LEE"

LITTLE RAG BABY DOLL

BESSIE WYNN

WORDS BY
L. WOLFE GILBERT

MUSIC BY
LEWIS F. MUIR

F. A. MILLS
INCORPORATED
122 WEST 36TH ST
NEW YORK

"Hitchy Koo."

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT.

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR &
MAURICE ABRAHAMS

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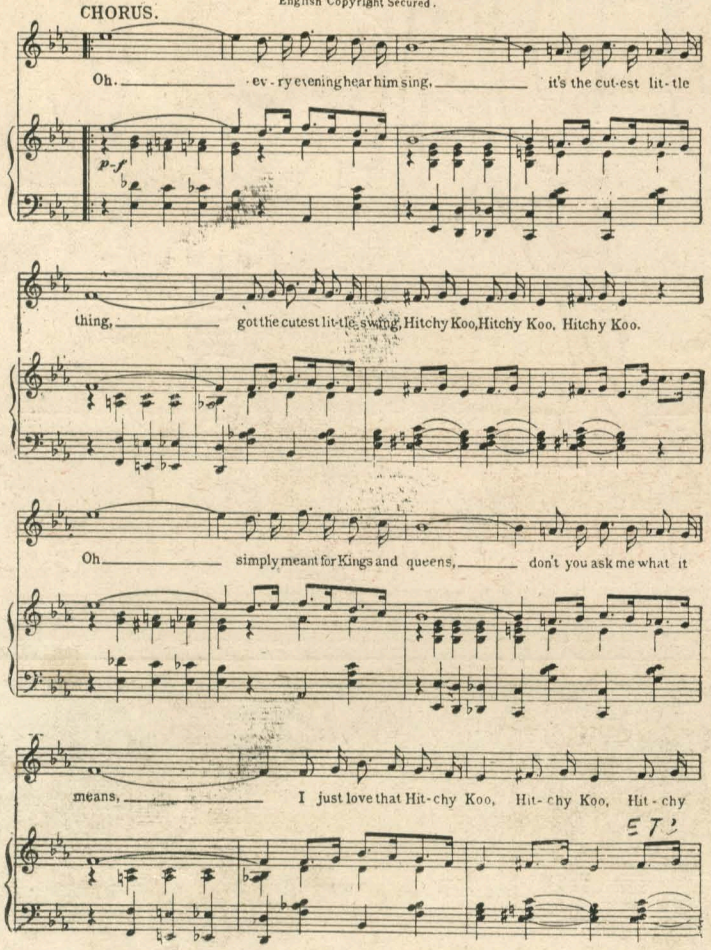
CHORUS.


Oh. ev - ry evening hear him sing, it's the cut-est lit - tle
thing, got the cutest lit-tle swing, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo.
Oh simply meant for Kings and queens, don't you ask me what it
means, I just love that Hit-chy Koo, Hit-chy Koo, Hit-chy

Hitchy Koo

It's the cutest little thing,
Got the cutest little swing.

PLAY IT OVER

Ragging the Baby to Sleep

Nothing like this ever written before. Certainly in a field by itself.

"Ragging The Baby To Sleep"

Words by
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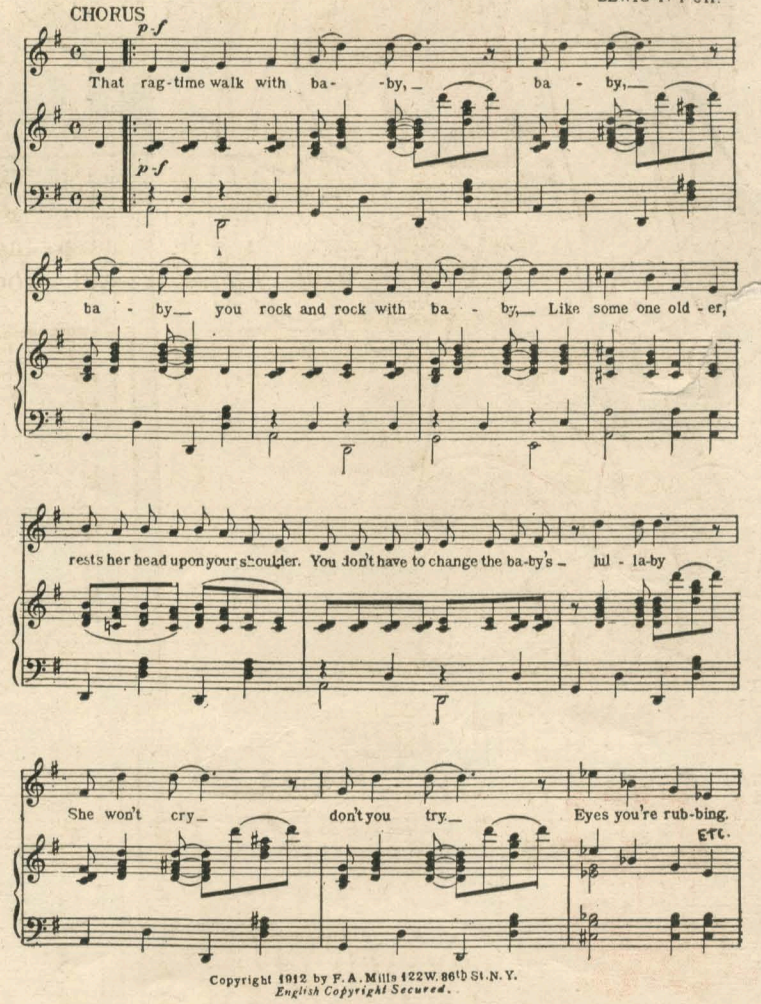
CHORUS


That rag-time walk with ba- -by, ba - by,
ba - by you rock and rock with ba - by, Like some one old - er,
rests her head upon your shoulder. You don't have to change the ba-by's - lul - la-by
She won't cry don't you try Eyes you're rub-bing.
ETC.

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HARDING'S JIGS AND REELS.

**A Collection of 200 Jigs and Reels.
The Only Thing of its Kind.**

"Little Rag Baby Doll"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

Moderato

Piano

f

Moth-er tucks ba - by a - way for the night,
Ba - by says dol - ly, you've had man-y knocks

mp

She thinks that ba - by is sleep-ing so tight; Ba - by clos - es
You've had to sleep on my old wood-en blocks; Hush now, dol - ly,

lit-tle eyes, Waits for ma to leave, she's wise_
go to sleep, Soon my ma will take a peep_

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Then she jumps right - out from her trun-dle bed,— takes rag ba-by doll,
Saw-dust is start - ing to come from your side,— dol - ly I must tell,

Holds her tight, all her might, Sing-ing as she says, good-night.
My dear ma, she'll tell pa,— You need a doc-tor you're not well.

CHORUS *Slower*

Lit - tle rag ba - by, lit - tle rag ba - by,

mp-f

Tod-dle a - long, just learn to tod-dle a - long, Out of the cra - dle,

thro' with the cra - dle; Wad-dle a - long oh ba - by wad-dle a - long.

Made of old saw - dust, made of old rags Dress-es and tress - es

of pa-per bags All that you cost was cou-pons and tags,

Lit - tle rag ba - by doll. doll.

1. 2.

sfz

"Take Me To That Swanee Shore."

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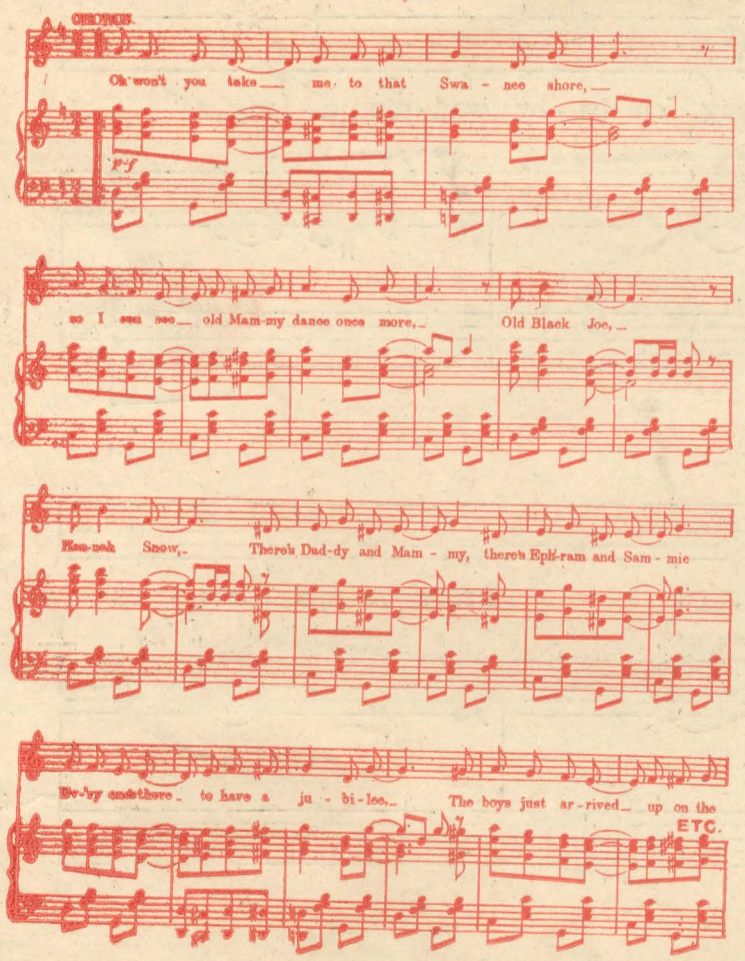
CHORUS.
Oh won't you take me to that Swa - nee shore,
so I can see old Mam-my dance once more, Old Black Joe,
Ros-ie Snow, There's Dud-dy and Mam - my, there's Eph-ram and Sam - mie
De-ar-y and there to have a ju - bi-lee, The boys just ar-rived up on the
ETC.

Take Me To That Swanee Shore

The Hit of Gertrude Hoffman's New Review at the Winter Garden.

"Oh What A Night."

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Marcia. (Slowly.)
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh what a night! Oh what a night!
marcato
Oh what a night! Think-ing of it gives me de-light This night of mys-
ter-y goes down in his to-ry Oh, oh, oh, oh, Old pal of mine,
Left home at nine, Oh what a time I love my wife but Oh, oh you kid,
Oh what a night. night.
Oh what a night. 3

Oh! What a Night

It was the first night it was sung! Emma Carus must have taken twenty encores. She could have been singing it yet.

"SICILIAN CHIMES"

The Most Beautiful Piano Piece Ever Written.